

# Phineas and Ferb One-Shots and Short Stories

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Summary: Here are some one-shots and short stories about your favorite Phineas and Ferb OTPs! Ships include: Candermey Phinabella Ferbella Ferbnessa Ferbetchen Baljinger Bufbella ReaderXCharacter And any others that you request! Except any gay or lesbian ships.

Sorry.

## 1. Cracked Open -Phinabella-

And then Isabella did the simplest thing in the world. She leaned over and kissed him.

>And the world<em> cracked open.<em>

She fell, and the bottom didn't come anytime soon.

>Through the dark night, with air rushing past her, she fell.<p>

Afraid, she clawed for something,

>-anything- to keep her from falling to her death.<p>

Why can't love be easy for once?

Isabella watched as the bright light from the surface faded from view, and she was left in the dark.

>Without <em>him<em>.

She could feel the air get hotter as she fell further towards the earth's core, and the walls of dirt, and rock get closer as if she were being buried alive.

She let out a panicked scream as she fell, -unable to see anything but her hands in front of her, as she realized she wouldn't see Phineas again.

This was the end.

Isabella felt a single tear roll down her face as she felt the heat

of the magma below consume her and the red glow of the hot substance light up the dark space.

She could see the lava get closer as she fell at the speed of a rock falling from space onto the earth.

Isabella put her hands over her face as she came only inches from her death.

But suddenly, she was safe.

She was in the dark again, but was now consumed not by air, and heat, but by soft blankets, and someone's strong arms.

"Isabella wake up." A voice urged.

>"Izzy baby, it's okay, wake up." It said gently.<p>

Still panicked Isabella quickly opened her eyes as she gasped, and pushed away from whoever had their arms around her.

Her eyes adjusted to the dark, and she saw that she was sitting on the couch in the Flynn-Fletcher house with Phineas who gave her a concerned look.

"Shh, it's okay." He soothed as Isabella let out a small sob, and let the tears stream down her face.

The dream felt so real, and she hated to think that she would lose Phineas forever. She worked so hard to get this far, and she wasn't ready to let go yet.

"Come 'ere." Phineas said as he pulled Isabella into a warm hug.

>"It's okay. It was just a dream." He whispered.<br>"I'm here. Don't cry."

## 2. Betrayal -Ferbella-

\*\*Betrayal\*\*

><em>Isabella3<em>

>Ferb's left hand made its way to my face, and his thumb ran over my cheek ever so lightly, like he might break me if his grasp was any harder.<p>

As I kissed him back I remembered Phineas. He would hate his brother for kissing his girlfriend, and me even more for betraying him in this way.

I knew this was wrong, but the problem was that this felt perfect.

"Ferb-" I gasped for breath slightly as he broke our kiss. "Bella, I'm sorry, I-I don't know what-" I interrupted Ferb by closing the gap between us again.

I didn't know what I was doing, but suddenly I needed more of this. More of him.

More of his gentle, caring touch, that was so soothing, and full of

love, that I almost felt like crying.

My fingers ran through Ferb's shaggy green hair as he pushed me up against the wall, and putting his hands on my waist, running his thumbs up and down over the skin showing out from under my t-shirt.

"Izzy?"

My heart stopped cold as I heard the innocent voice of someone I never expected to hear.

Phineas.

### 3. Warm -Ferbetchen-

\_Requested by: Dreadwing216 (guest) on \_  
><em>\_<em>

>Normally Ferb wouldn't be out in a November snowstorm at 7:30 at night, but with Phineas out on a date with Isabella, his parents at an antique show, and Candace -for once- at her apartment taking care of last minute wedding details with her fiancÃ©e Jermey, Ferb was rather lonely despite telling his parents that he would be fine on his own that night.<p>

But Ferb didn't think that was the only reason he felt like taking a walk in the park at dark.

>There was something telling him to go where he was going.<br>There was something else that compelled him to listen to his gut. To the little voice telling him he was needed.

Granted, that last part seemed a little weird, but Ferb felt as if someone needed a hug right about now.

>He knew he did.<p>

So, not sure where to go, he went to the park, even though he was convinced that his little voice was broken.

As Ferb walked around the huge grounds of Danville park in the pitch black and snow, he passed the occasional street lamp standing tall next to the cold metal park benches, but he wasn't expecting to see a female figure huddled on one of them.

>Shivering in the cold with a light jacket that couldn't be considered suitable for this weather.<p>

Curious, Ferb wandered closer to find the quietest of the Fireside girls, Gretchen holding her thick glasses in her trembling hands while salty tears slowly dropped down her face and onto her lap and snow covered her light brown hair, making it wet.

\_What is Gretchen doing here?\_  
>Ferb asked himself.<p>

"Gretchen?" He asked as he stood in front of the shivering girl with his hands in his coat pockets to keep them warm.

At the sound of his voice, Gretchen quickly returned her glasses to her face after wiping away any evidence that she had been crying before looking up at the composed boy in front of her with a

concerned expression spread across his features as pure white snow landed in his bright green hair.

Gretchen knew he had comforted Isabella many times the past whenever Phineas had unknowingly shut her down before they started dating, so she figured that he could help her now after her boyfriend had dumped her over the simple, and stupid fact that she wore glasses.

For what seemed like the longest time, Gretchen was silent as she kept her eyes on her hero.

He had shown up just at the right time, and Gretchen was grateful.

"Oh, h-hey, Ferb." Gretchen stuttered finally as she offered a small, sad smile.

>"What are you doing out here?" She asked him as he cleared the snow off the seat next to her and sat down.<p>

"I could ask you the same question." He replied as she gave her a sympathetic smile.

"Josh dumped me." Gretchen explained as she looked back at her lap, and played with her hands that were dried and cracked from the cold.

>"I needed somewhere quiet to be." She added.<p>

Ferb chuckled beside her.

>"And you chose the freezing cold park?" He asked humorously, but Gretchen didn't find anything about this situation funny.<p>

"It's not that cold." She defended quietly, still not looking away from her hands.

Gretchen heard Ferb sigh, and the sound of the zipper of his coat being un-done.

No, no. I can't let him do that.

>Gretchen reasoned with herself as she watched Ferb take his jacket off, and hold it out towards her, leaving him only in his usual attire; A long sleeve cream dress shirt with a dark purple sweater vest, and baby blue tie.<p>

Gretchen immediately shook her head.

>"No no, you don't have anything warm under that. You'll freeze more than me." She said firmly.<p>

"Then I'll have no choice but to hug you so we're both warm." He joked, holding the jacket closer to her.

Ferb had only meant that as a joke, even though he did have a little bit of a crush on her, but he half meant it.

Gretchen, -who took him a little more seriously, hesitated before reaching out, and taking the heavy, warm jacket from his strong hands, and throwing it over her shoulders before putting her arms in the sleeves.

After she had zipped the coat, Ferb held out his arms, signaling he wanted a hug, and Gretchen complied, -snuggling into his strong

arms.

"Now," Ferb started as he hugged her.

>"Do you feel like talking about it?" He asked.<p>

Gretchen sniffed as she remembered why she was here in the first place, and nodded against Ferb's chest.

>"A little."<p>

#### 4. Jealousy -Baljinger-

Idea and Request by: PhinabellaFerbnessa on Wattpad, and a similar request was made by: jeramy \_

"Ginger, She is just my friend." Blajeet insisted.

"You do not have to worry about Mishti. I don't like her in that way." He added.

"But she obviously does." Ginger argued. "She was flirting with you the entire time we were at the ice cream parlor!" She pointed out, which made Baljeet's eyes go wide.

He and Ginger were sitting on the beige couch in his living room, discussing their recent outing with Baljeet's old friend Mishti, and Ginger was not happy; Baljeet could tell that much.

Ever since Mishti turned 16, she had taken a quite the interest in boys, and even managed to break up a couple, which was why Ginger was so worried when she came back from India to visit.

>Ginger loved Baljeet very much, and didn't want to lose him to some boy crazed girl after she had worked so hard to get him in the first place.<p>

"I assure you Ginger, I did not know!" Baljeet exclaimed shaking his head.

"Of course he didn't, he's almost as clueless about girls as Phineas." Ginger thought as she rolled her eyes.

Baljeet, -who was now very anxious as he tried to think of a way to get his girlfriend of three years to realize he loved her, and only her. Not Mishti- shifted uncomfortably on the couch, and sighed.

"Ginger." He started. "I do not love Mishti. She is very nice, but...I love you. What do I have to do to make you believe that I would never take interest in her?" Baljeet asked.

>"We've been together three years. <em>Three years</em>, Ginger. That's a long time, and if I were interested in another girl We would not be together." He continued without waiting for Ginger to respond.

Even if he had waited for her to answer, she wouldn't have. She was too shocked.

That was the first time he had confirmed that he loved her. Out-loud.

## 5. Valentine's Day -Ferbnessa-

(General P.O.V)

>"Alright Ferb, let 'em in!" Phineas called to his 17 yr old brother from the other side of the new restaurant they had just finished building on the night of Valentine's Day.<p>

Ferb nodded even though he knew Phineas couldn't see him, and straightened his red bow tie before opening the teal, freshly painted, and dried doors of an updated model of CheÅ° Platypus.

"One party at a time please." He said with his British accent as he pulled back the velvet rope.

"Bella for the 100th time, how many tables? Over." Ferb asked through the headset to his friend Isabella, for the umpteenth time as he counted the couples, and families that walked into the cozy restaurant.

He rolled his eyes discreetly at the fact that Phineas had forced them to use 'proper walkie talkie etiquette'.

Ferb winced when he heard Bella squeak as she answered him. "Oh sorry! We have... 20 tables. Over!" The line clicked signaling she was back to work, and no longer talking.

At this Ferb politely asked the next small group of people to wait until a table had emptied, and put the velvet rope back on the hook which it hung from.

As he waited outside next to the door for someone to tell him there were empty tables, he looked at the long line of people winding around the block, and decided to see if he could spot any familiar faces as he listened to the busy chatter between his friends over the head set.

By the time Bella told him there were two more empty tables, Ferb had seen only a few faces he recognized, but didn't really know some of them since he's only seen them around school every once, and a while.

"Two groups please." He requested, pulling back the rope once more, and watched as a guy with a unibrow, and a girl named Vanessa, -who he believed was Candace's friend- walked up to the front of the line.

Ferb one again returned the rope to it's original spot until there were more tables empty, and stood at attention waiting for the signal.

"Hey your Candace's brother right?" The brunette asked him.

Ferb was actually surprised that she was talking to him. When she came over when they were younger she didn't really acknowledge him or his brother, but Ferb always noticed her.

The green haired teen nodded as his long forgotten crush spoke to him as she waited with -what he was assuming- her boyfriend.

The three had a more or less one sided conversation until there were five tables empty.

"Ferb, we've got 5. Over." The familiar voice known as Isabella said into his ear.

~\*~

>"Ferb could you go check the silverware up by the front?" Someone asked the idle boy who was waiting around for something to do.<p>

He nodded, and went to the front of the restaurant where the silverware sets were kept on hand, and counted them.

\_105 that should be enough for the rest of the night. \_He thought.

Ferb stood up straight, and placed the basket back under the counter, but looked up at the door as he heard someone open it quickly, and go out.

He hadn't seen much, but the long brown hair was all he needed, to know who it was.

Vanessa.

She was leaving alone, which couldn't be good.

Ferb hastily came out from behind the front desk, and followed her outside to the small bench behind their tree in the backyard.

"Vanessa?" He asked quietly, coming up beside her.

The young woman's head turned up to look at the boy standing next to her.

\_What could he possibly want?\_ She wondered to herself as she played with her fingers.

"Yes?" She asked just as quiet as Ferb as she looked back at her lap, and felt tears well up in her eyes.

"Are you ok?" He asked as he sat down beside her.

The two sat in silence before Vanessa spoke again.

"No." She said sadly, but defensively as she felt the all to familiar walls go up around her, blocking out everything.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Ferb asked soothingly as he looked over at her.

Vanessa sighed. "It might make me feel better I don't think I can right now." She sniffed, and wiped her eyes with her sparkly black sleeve.

There was silence again.

"Ok fine." Vanessa gasped out as she felt the walls cave in.

Even though he had been completely silent she felt as if he had convinced her to tell him.

"Well Monty, and I were talking, and he called me by this other girl's name. I asked him why, and he sorta freaked out, and got really nervous." She said in one breath, and Ferb nodded as if to say 'go on'.

Vanessa glanced at him then continued. "Well long story short he was cheating on me!" She just about wailed as she let her arms that had been raised slightly in the air while she was talking, fall to her lap.

To Ferb she sounded hurt, betrayed, and especially angry.  
>He hated it.<p>

Ferb didn't know Monty- or Vanessa for that fact- very well, but he already despised him.

\_How could he do such a thing to this beautiful young woman?! His self conscious screamed.

"I'm so sorry." He said as he put his hand on Vanessa's shoulder.

Vanessa laughed quietly in self pity as an attempt to hold back her tears.

"I just can't believe he would do that to me. Someone who tells you they love you everyday doesn't just turn around, and do that!"  
Vanessa was past the sadness point, -for now- and full of anger towards her 'now ex-boyfriend'.

"I just can't believe it." She whispered, and the anger washed away, and replaced with sadness as she looked at Ferb.

His face was full of kindness, and understanding, and what seemed to be a little sadness as he listened to her rant on, and on about -ugh-Monty, and that girl, Layla.

"He's quite stupid to do that to a wonderful girl like you." Ferb smiled comfortingly. "And he obviously doesn't deserve you if he thinks he can go around doing this to you." He added seriously.

Ferb wasn't exactly sure what to do so he decided to do the same thing he would do if it were Isabella. It looked like it was working just a little bit, which was good.

"Thanks Ferb." Vanessa smiled slightly before standing up.  
"I-\*sniffs\* I should probably go home, um see you." She started walking away towards the open gate of the backyard, not looking back.

"Vanessa?" Ferb called after her standing up as well. "Yeah?" She replied before turning around. "Come over anytime okay? I know you'd probably find hanging out with a bunch of teenagers boring, but maybe it'll get your mind off of...him." Ferb suggested even though he was sure she would turn him down.

Vanessa smiled. "Ok, thanks. See you around." She said before walking

out of the yard.

Ferb stood there, and watched her walk down the driveway in her short black dress, happy she hadn't said no, and that they would see each other again.

Maybe he had a chance.

\*\*Hey all! Sorry this is super super horrible, I'm not too good with Ferbnessa, or Candermy for that matter so...help? I don't know, but sorry for the bad story, maybe I'll rewrite it.\*\*  
><strong>Also sorry for posting this late...<strong>

\*\*~Joy\*\*

## 6. Argument -Ferbella-

Ferb Fletcher was sitting on the green couch in his family's living room next to Isabella Garcia-Shapiro, his best friend, having an argument with himself while the rest of his usual group of friends were talking about what they usually did, which was...well, he wasn't really paying attention.

\_ "Come on...just admit it!" \_His inner voice urged him.

"\_I can't! I don't love Vanessa!" \_He argued back. \_"I love Isabella!"\_

\_ "Yeah sure, go from one practically un-available girl to another...this method suits you well." \_The other half of his brain taunted.

Ferb sighed out-loud in frustration, but no one noticed, since no one ever noticed.

He wasn't even sure how this got started.

\_ "I love Isabella." \_Ferb argued with his head.

\_ "You love Vanessa!" \_It practically yelled back.

\_ "Isabella!"\_

\_ "Vanessa!"\_

\_ "I love Isabella!"\_

\_ "You love Vanessa!"\_

"I love Isabella!"

Ferb immediately clapped his left hand over his mouth loudly as his eyes widened in realization.

He just said that last part \_out-loud.\_

His friends stopped talking, and joking around to stare at the usually silent green haired teenager who still had a look of shock on

his face.

Everyone was dead silent, and it was killing Ferb.

\_ "I'm dead." \_ He told himself as he glanced at his best friend on the couch beside him.

><em>"Im dead!" <em>He thought again as he saw her expression.

She was staring at him with a confused look on her face as she blinked repeatedly.

What he had said obviously hadn't sunk in yet.

Ferb let his hand drop from his mouth, and put his head in both his hands as his elbows rested on his knees.

"What?!" Phineas, Baljeet, and Buford asked simultaneously from the floor, sounding gobsmacked.

Ferb sighed.

No one was supposed to know that.

>He hadn't planned on telling <em>anybody <em>until the day he died. Not even then.

Ferb planned to take that little piece of information to his grave without it ever leaving his mouth, because Isabella loved his little brother, and Ferb was pretty sure Phineas loved her back, even if he didn't know it.

Now he ruined it all because he got into some stupid argument with the voice in his \_head! \_ Of all the stupid things to argue with...

"What did you say?" Ferb heard Isabella ask quietly from beside him.

Maybe she didn't actually hear him.

>Maybe Ferb had an opportunity to fix this. Isabella and Phineas might have chance together after all!<p>

Yet again...she probably heard him just fine, she just needed it to register...

Ferb lifted his head out of his hands to look at his best friend he had spent years comforting, and encouraging.

He knew it was no use lying.

>She would find out the truth eventually.<p>

Ferb took a deep breath before replying.

"I...love you Isabella." Ferb said quietly. "But...you weren't supposed to know..." He looked around at the three on the floor. "No one was supposed to know," he said before looking back at Isabella. "because you love-"

Ferb never got a chance to finish his sentence because Isabella had thrown her arms around him in a bone crushing hug before speaking.

"You." Isabella stated. "I love you, Ferb." She said.

Ferb was surprised- no, he was astonished, that Isabella loved him back, but he was so happy she did.

Ferb wrapped his strong arms around Isabella's small figure, and hugged her back before she pulled away.

"You aren't kidding around with me are you?" He joked, still not completely convinced that his dream had come true.

Isabella smiled deviously before gently taking Ferb's face into her hands, and crashing her lips into his.

"Oh \_god \_no. I'm leaving." Buford exclaimed before walking out of the living room. "Come on Baljeet." He called from the front hall.

Baljeet sighed, before saying goodbye to Phineas, and leaving as well.

"Believe me now?" Isabella asked as she, and Ferb parted.

Ferb smiled.

>"Yes." He replied.<br>"Yes I do."

#### 7. Extraordinary -Candermey-

"I want to be extraordinary not just extra-ordinary, it seems like everywhere I see, people far more interesting than me, I know that change is kind of scary, but baby I should try to vary, some minor detail a small degree, a slightly different version of me..."

"Your a beautiful singer you know." A male voice behind Candace said.

The teenager abruptly stopped digging in her mother's small garden in surprise, and turned to face her boyfriend.

"I-I didn't see you there Jermey..." She smiled nervously, and was obviously embarrassed as blush spread across her round cheeks.

Jermey smiled before walking closer. "Well, don't let me stop you." He said, and knelt down on the soft green grass in Candace's front yard.

"Well, okay." She smiles.

\*\*How'd you like this? I think it needs work but I'm not sure what to fix.\*\*

\*\*~Joy\*\*

#### 8. Baby -Ferbella-

"Ferb! Ferb! Ferb!" Isabella called from upstairs to her husband with

urgency, and excitement.

Upon immediately recognizing her voice Ferb stood up from the couch, and quickly made his way to the bathroom where he guessed his wife was, hoping nothing bad had happened.

"What, love?" He asked gently as he came to the doorway of their small nicely decorated bathroom that was just off of their bedroom.

Isabella was standing in front of the bathroom mirror with something in her small hands that Ferb couldn't quite see, and quickly turned around when she heard his voice, beaming, and eyes sparkling.

"Ferb!" She exclaimed and threw her arms around his neck before kissing him.

As confused about his wife's odd excited behavior as Ferb was, he wasn't complaining.

"What?" He asked once more, the anticipation, and curiosity showing up easily in his voice as Isabella pulled away.

"Your going to be a daddy!" She sing-songed happily while holding up a positive pregnancy test.

## 9. Anger -FerbxBReader-

\_This is my first time writing one of these, so I'm sorry if it's horrible.\_

><em>Requested by: <em>\_KittennKawaii\_ on Wattpad  
><em>Thank you for requesting!<em>  
><em>\_<em>

You just wanted to know.

That was all. You just wanted to know why he was so quiet. Why he was so closed off.

You just wanted to know why he looked sad that day.

But it had ended badly.

He had...burst. Exploded. He couldn't hold it in anymore and had yelled at you.

Ferb. Yelled.

>At you.<p>

Ferb never yelled, especially not at you.

>You two had always been closer to each other than to the rest of the group.<br>He had taken you by surprise, and it brought you to tears.

"Get out!" He had yelled.

>"Leave me alone!"<p>

And it echoed through your head as you lay on your bed and stared at

your ceiling; trying to make sense of it all.

His angry words bounced off the inside of your brain like a rubber ball hitting your bedroom wall, bouncing off the floor and hitting it again.

>Over, and over.<p>

Why had he yelled?

>What had him so upset that he had lashed out at you?<p>

Was it because you kept trying to get an answer out of him?

>Had you accidentally reminded him of something?<p>

Why?

From what you could recall, you hadn't said anything particularly upsetting.

You had shown up at the boys' house that morning as usual, greeted your friends, and then you and everyone else started the daily project.

There was the occasional moment when you accidentally got "too close" to Phineas for Isabella's liking and got a glare from across the yard, but that was normal too.

What had been out of the ordinary that day was the way Ferb was acting.

He hadn't said hello to you when you arrived as he usually did.

>Instead he didn't even glance your way.<p>

Everything he did seemed to be halfhearted, and upset.

>When he walked he didn't have that air of blankness quietness and confidence about him, but sadness.<br>You could easily see it, and you wanted to know what was wrong. So you asked him, but he only replied with a quiet, "nothing." And went on with his work.

Later you asked him again, but all was in vain when you got the same troubling answer.

After the project had been finished, and had mysteriously disappeared, Ferb disappeared as well, so you went to look for him, and found him in his room.

Again you asked, and prodded and pleaded for him to tell you, but he only responded with frustration and angry yelling.

You couldn't figure it out.

>What had you done?<p>

You felt that this new behavior was somehow pointed at you, and only you, which made you upset.

How are you supposed to feel when your crush seems to be mad at you about something?

"Sad and confused" would be fitting words.

Tired of staring at your popcorn textured ceiling, you rolled over onto your side and stared at the picture of you and Ferb at the mid-summers festival a couple summers ago sitting on your nightstand among your alarm clock, and small tissue box.

That picture had been taken at one of those moments where you wish your memory would record that moment and you could keep it forever, so you could always re-live it.

You, had lightheartedly complained your feet hurt while you, Isabella and the two brothers were hanging out at the fairgrounds.

Ferb, -being the gentleman that he was- immediately tried to find a solution, and ended up giving you piggyback ride for the duration of the evening.

He had been spinning around with you on his back, and the picture had been taken by Isabella right after he stopped, -capturing his cute, smug little smirk, and your laugh as you tried to see straight.

That was your favorite picture, and it always would be.

After staring at the picture for a couple more minutes, you felt a little better, and decided to go downstairs and get a snack.

Your mom was out at the grocery store so as you walked down the stairway, you figured there wouldn't be much in the fridge.

Just as you entered the kitchen though, you heard a knock on your front door.

Who is that? You asked yourself as you walked to your front door, and unlocked it before opening it, -revealing none other than Ferb himself.

"Hey." He greeted rather sheepishly.

"H-hey." You responded shyly, -a little afraid that he'll end up yelling at you again.

"I'm sorry." He said, -looking down at his shoes for a second as he stuck his hands in his pockets then looking back at you.

You smiled slightly.

>"It's okay." You responded as you held the door open more and let him in.<p>

Ferb nodded in thanks as he walked in and stopped at the end of the entryway.

After closing the door, you turned to face him again.

"I must've scared the bloody hell out of you." He started apologetically which a light chuckle, but quickly sobered.

>"But I wasn't mad at you," He continued cautiously. "just upset over something I heard." He finished, -knowing you would want to know what it was he heard.<p>

"And what was that?" You asked curiously as you walked past him and led him to the living room before sitting down on your couch, -Ferb

doing the same.

"Well, Phineas said something about you liking someon-"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," You interrupted.

>"*Phineas* *said I liked someone?*" You asked incredulously with a light laugh.

"Yes." Ferb said seriously. "Pay attention." He added before continuing his little story.

You giggled, -obviously feeling a little better than you did before Ferb showed up.

"Phineas said you liked someone, and I...overreacted, and ended up taking it out on you when you kept asking." He finished.

"Was Phineas right? Do you like anyone?" Ferb asked.

You smiled as something occurred to you.

Ferb had been upset over the fact that you could possibly like anyone, and seeing as he was upset, that could only mean one thing...

"Yes I do." You answered a little nervously, and didn't let Ferb's sudden crestfallen face get to you since what you were going to eventually say would cheer him right up, since he obviously returns your feelings.

"And he's super cute." You added mysteriously with a giggle as you leaned towards him.

Amazed at what you, -the normally shy girl of the group- were doing, you leaned back a little.

"Yeah?" Ferb said while raising an eyebrow, but he didn't lean away from you, quite the opposite actually.

"Not to mention he's also got this ridiculously awesome accent any girl could fall for." You added shyly, as you tried to be bold.

Ferb suddenly smirked.

"I can't possibly figure it out." He stated sarcastically, -going along with your little game.

You couldn't believe you were doing this. You were really doing it, after all these years.

"You must be so jealous." You said, -embracing your sudden boldness as your eyes locked with his, and you smiled shyly, -not sure if you should go along with this little plan of yours.

"Like you wouldn't believe." He said, taking your face gently in his right hand and closing the gap between the two of you, -ending your conversation with a kiss.

End

file.